Songs, Recitatives, &c.

IN THE

VOLCANO,

OR THE

Rival Harlequins.

A SERIO-COMIC PANTOMIME,

Performed at the [illegible], Covent-Garden.

With entire new Music, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,

GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1799. [Price 6d.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Harlequin Whitesword	Mr. Bologna, Jun.
Harlequin Blacksword	Mr. King.
Clown - - -	Mr. Bologna.
Infernal Spirit - -	Mr. Delpini.
Columbine's Father	Mr. Whitmore, Jun.
Old Beau - -	Mr. Hawtin.
Hermit - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Columbine - -	Mrs. Parker.

The other Pantomime Characters by

Messrs Wilde, Blurton, Platt, Abbot, T. Cranfield, Powers, Vials, Howell, L. Bologna, Klanert, Atkins, Mills, Wilkins, Webb, Letteney, Griffiths.——Mrs. Degville, Miss Cox, Miss Coombs.

SCOTTISH MUSEUM

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Cratero, (Dæmon of the Mountain)	Mr. Denman.
Ballad Singers - :	Mr. Emery & Mr. Simmons
Irish Ship-builder -	Mr. Macartney.
Principal Dæmon - - -	Mr. Linton.
Second Dæmon - - -	Mr. Street.
Floridel (Spirit of the Air)	- Miss Wheatley.

Attendants on Floridel——Mesdames Sims, Iliff, Gilbert, Leserve, Norton, Masters, Sydney, Blurton, Castelle, &c.

To conclude with an Allegorical Procession of the Seasons, Months and Hours, to the TEMPLE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The Overture and Music composed by Mr. MOOREHEAD.

The Pantomime invented by Mr. T. DIBDIN——and produced under the Direction of Mr. FARLEY.

The Dances by Mr. BOLOGNA, Jun.

The Scenery by Messrs. Phillips, Lupino, Hollogan, Wilkins, Bromley, the two Whitmores, and Mr. Powell.

The Machinery by Messrs. Cresswell, Sloper, Goosstree, C. Dibdin, Jun. &c.

The Dresses by Mr. Dick and Mrs. Egan.

The Lines marked thus " are omitted ſince the firſt Repreſentation.

Songs, Recitatives, &c.

IN THE

VOLCANO,

Or, the Rival Harlequins.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

REJOICE! rejoice! a genius owes to thee
O'er yon fell fiend a glorious victory.
For, mortal know, when in that current thrown,
This form becomes as feeble as your own.
Your kind aſſiſtance ſnatch'd me from the deep,
Where, even power like mine, when plung'd, muſt ſleep;
For this one deed, by active virtue wrought,
Claim thy reward, but claim what virtue ought.

Song.

Song. (Floridel.)

This form receive, yon hut forſake,
But firſt, this magic weapon take,
'Twill aid thee when diſtreſt;
Thy fair one ſeek, be generous ſtill,
Go prove thy love, then fear no ill,
My power ſhall do the reſt.

II.

Yet prize the gift; for, mortal, know,
Of all the bleſſings here below,
Deriv'd from power above,
That help to ſoften human woe,
No charms ſuch happineſs beſtow,
As thoſe of virtuous love.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Curſt be yon ſtripling! may infernal woe
Light on the wretch who dar'd aſſiſt my foe!
Releas'd by Lucifer in lucky hour,
Revenge I ſeek and thus eſſay my power.

Invocation.

Invocation. (*Cratero.*)

" Dæmons! Spirits! Fiends! attend me,
" Burſt your bonds, aſſiſtance lend me;
" Let the fiery torrent roll!
" Hither on its glowing tide,
" By ſtorms conducted, ſwiftly ride,
" Tho' nature ſhake from pole to pole.

Recitative. (*Cratero.*)

" Hail motley miſchief! form'd by ſubtle ſprites,
" Be thine the taſk to circumvent yon Elf—
" Confound his wiſhes, croſs his beſt delights,
" Till, Scorpion-like, the Caitiff end himſelf;
" This ſable Taliſman the ſymbol be,
" Of his deſtruction, and revenge to me."

Song. (*Cratero.*)

Elfin, away!
Thy maſter's foe annoy,
Go, frolic, trip it, ſport and play,
Yet ſtill his hopes deſtroy!

And

And to reward thy zeal, I ſwear,
(Witneſs, ye fiends, the oath ye hear)
That freedom pays your toil.
Hear!

Grand Chorus of Dæmons from within the Mountain.

We hear thee, and the bond record,
For thee he wields the ſable ſword,
And freedom pays his toil!

Song. (*Iriſh Ship-Builder.*)

" In the model I'm bringing before ye,
" If here you'll be taking a trip;
" I'll juſt ſhew you Britain's own glory
" Made out in the ſhape of a ſhip.
" 'Tis the thing that preſerves all our treaſure,
" Makes all our oppoſers afraid,
" Brings riches, and honour, and pleaſure,
" And ſwimmingly carries on trade.
" Wid my ſmalliloo, &c.

II.

" The lad who firſt ſet them a going
" Deſerv'd all the world for his paint,
" His ſtomach wid ſenſe it was flowing,
" His hat cover'd plenty of brains.
" For before theſe ſame ſhips were invented,
" The water was all at a ſtand,
" And iſlands at ſea were contented,
" To viſit each other by land.

" Wid my, &c.

III.

" When England began to be building,
" And likewiſe dear Ireland alſo,
" Such pitching and painting, and gilding,
" No mortal ſure never did know.
" By my ſoul it made great alteration,
" To ſee the folks how they did ſail
" Upon ſhips between each of the nations,
" I'm told it quite knock'd up the mail.

" Wid my, &c.

IV.

" Then the Frenchmen, the devil receive 'em,
" Built ships, rafts and flat-bottom'd boats,
" And ſwore, tho' no ſoul wou'd believe 'em,
" They'd come, and be cutting our throats.
" Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent and Nelſon
" Went over to quiet the fuſs,
" And convinc'd the Monnſeers pretty well ſoon,
" They only were building for us.

" Wid my, &c."

Duet. (*Ballad-Singers.*)

1ſt Of all the ſweet ſpots that in London there be,
2nd Covent Garden's the place for my money,
1ſt Ev'ry body runs there juſt as briſk as a bee,
2nd Or like flies to a large pot of honey.
1ſt For its throng'd with fine folks all the whole of the day,
2nd And when night makes it look rather thinniſh,
1ſt O then, how delightful it is for to ſtray,
2nd From the Go and the Jump to the Finiſh!

Both. Oh then how delightful, &c.

II.

1ſt Here's all that can charm both the eye and the ear,
2nd Here's all that can pleaſure your noſes;
1ſt Singing birds and Welch ladies to ſee and to hear,
2nd Potatoes, green peas, and moſs orſes.
1ſt Then under the *Pee Aches* there's ſuch kind ſouls,
2nd And lads to oblige you ſo willing,
1ſt That with them you may travel between the poles,
2nd And all for the price of a ſhilling.

Both. That with them, &c.

III.

1ſt. There's the Hummums ſo grand, where as gentlefolks ſay,
2nd They doesn't admit of no ladies.
1ſt And then there's the playhouſe ſo handſome and gay,
2nd Where no one to go e'er afraid is.

1ſt Then the folks do ſo laugh and fall clapping of hands,

2nd There's ſomething ſo very kind in it,

1ſt That if this was the Playhouſe where you and I ſtands,

2nd I ſhou'd like for to hear 'em this minute.

Both. That if this, &c.

Recitative. (*Old Man.*)

'Tis well, my ſon, no longer poor and old,
In me thy Patron, Floridel, behold!
Thy virtue once more tried, thy ſword reſtore,
This potent wand a rich exchange ſhall prove,
Thy foe 'twill overcome, then droop no more;
But ſeek the Maid who waits to crown thy love.

Recitative.

Recitative. (*Cratero.*)

Thus ever be Cratero's wiles believ'd,
Short-ſighted fool! too eaſily deceiv'd—
That wand is uſeleſs—thou behold'ſt in me
The foe of virtue! Floridel and thee.

Recitative. (*Floridel.*)

My ſon, forbear; no wicked means purſue,
Deep in the cavern's gloom with me deſcend;
From falſe Cratero boldly claim thy due,
Nor fear his rage, for virtue is thy friend.

Chorus of Fiends.

Welcome, ſons of miſchief, welcome!
Here, where gloom and horrors prowl,
Where angry fiends with terror howl,
Here, where all the vices throng,
Be this the chorus to each ſong,
Welcome, ſons of miſchief, welcome!

Grand

Grand accompanied Recitative.

1ſt. FIEND.

" From hated light I've wing'd my way,
" On earth I've been, each art eſſay'd ;
" Firſt led a murderer to his prey,
" And then the guilty wretch betray'd.

CHORUS.

" Welcome, ſons of miſchief, welcome !

Recitative.

2d. FIEND.

" With gameſters leagu'd my ſkill I try'd,
" A ſpendthrift youth my power owns ;
" In his own blood the ſteel he dy'd,
" And now with us he counts his groans.

CHORUS.

" Welcome, &c."

Recitative. (*3d. Fiend.*)

A Father lov'd an only child,
I ſwore to plant a dagger there ;
With pois'nous breath ſeduction ſmil'd,
Betray'd, then left her to deſpair.

Recitative.

Recitative. (*Cratero.*)

Colleagues, behold! from Virtue wrung,
Her power of doing good I bring,
Here be the glorious trophy hung,
While fiends triumphant round it ſing.

CHORUS.

Welcome, ſons of miſchief, welcome.

Recitative. (*Floridel.*)

Agent of Tartarus, who dar'd preſume,
To thwart my will, now tremble at thy doom!
Deep in Veſuvius' burning entrails hurl'd,
Thee and thy ſpells no more ſhall plague the world.
But firſt, thou ſhalt behold that couple bleſt,
Whoſe virtuous love thy malice has diſtreſs'd,
And thou, (*To Blackſword*) his ſlave, thy frolicks here
muſt end,
Hence! inſtant to thy native ſhades deſcend!

Recitative.

Recitative. (*Floridel.*)

" You wiſh'd for riches, take them—In this youth,
" Thy daughter weds with honour, love and truth.
" Their wealth thou ſhalt behold, and from this hour
" Acknowledge virtue as the nobleſt dower."

FINALE.

Solo. (*Floridel.*)

Let the hours led by pleaſure,
Lightly trip a jocund meaſure,
While our choral ſtrains reſound,
Honeſt love by virtue crown'd,

CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

Duet.

Duet.

Happy they, by virtue plighted,
Still delighting, and delighted,
Happy union, may it prove,
Bleſt as George and Charlotte's love.

CHORUS.

Happy they, &c.

SOL. and CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

FINIS.

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